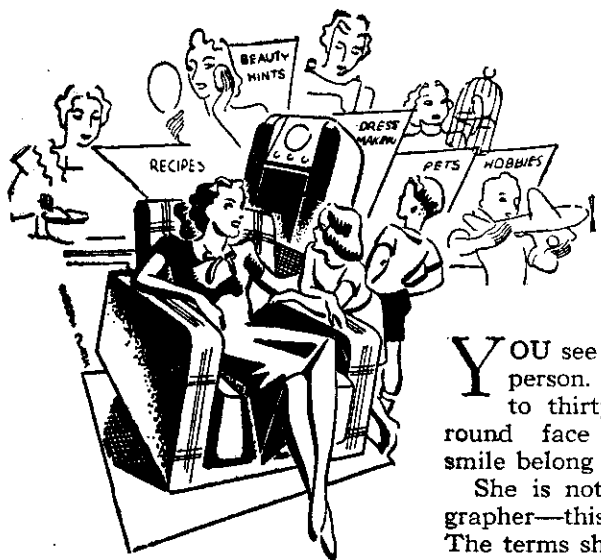


# Women and the Home

Radio is the slender wire that brings the world and its affairs into the tiny kitchens and living rooms which hitherto had isolated so many housekeepers in the performance of their duties  
—Margaret Bondfield

## INTERVIEW

## HOLD THAT SMILE!



### These Should Interest You:

Talks prepared by the A.C.E. Home Science Tutorial Section, University of Otago:

"Help Needed." Monday, November 18, 1YA 3.30 p.m., 2YA 3 p.m., 3YA 2.30 p.m.

"When the Children Won't Eat." Thursday, November 21, 1YA 3.30 p.m., 3YA 2.30 p.m.; Friday, November 22, 2YA 3 p.m.

"The Art of Cooking." Wednesday, November 20, 4YA 3.15 p.m.

"The Guest Room." Friday, November 22, 4YA 3.15 p.m.

### From The ZB Stations

"England Expects": All ZB Stations, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7.15 p.m.

"Those Happy Gilmans": 12B Mondays to Fridays at 10.15 a.m.

"Stop Press from Hollywood": 10 a.m. Sundays from 22B

"Craig Crawford's Dance Band" from the Princes Cabaret, Sydney, 32B 10.15 p.m. Saturdays

"Yes—No Jackpots": 42B 8.45 p.m. Wednesdays

"Just Some More Good-byes": Major F. H. Lampen. Thursday, November 21, 1YA 11 a.m.

"The Use of Leisure" (2): An interview between A. B. Thompson, and a woman with a young child and one with an elder child. Thursday, November 21, 1YA 7.35 p.m.

"More Bits and Pieces": "Isobel." Thursday, November 21, 2YA 10.45 a.m.

"Help for the Home Cook": Dorothy E. Johnson. Friday, November 22, 3YA 11.15 a.m.

"Pros and Cons in the Family: Parental Love—Asset or Liability?" Miss D. E. Dolton. Friday, November 22, 3YA 7.15 p.m.

"Some Remarkable Women I Have Met": Mrs. Vivienne Newson. Saturday, November 23, 1YA 11 a.m.

"A Few Minutes with Popular Novelists: Jane Austen." Margaret Johnston. Saturday, November 23, 2YA 10.45 a.m.

YOU see her a small, compact person. She frankly confesses to thirty-one years, but her round face and whole-hearted smile belong to a schoolgirl.

She is not only a good photographer—this girl is also an artist. The terms should be synonymous, but not everyone is born with that artistic streak that makes work worth while for work's sake alone. People with that artistic vision do not recognise obstacles or defeat. They keep straight on towards their goal—heedless of discomfort, or need.

This small person knows, for she has travelled along that same road toward her present goal.

She was born in Southsea, and while still at school became keenly interested in photography. When she was sixteen, much against her parents' wish, she secured a position with a well-known photographer.

"Looking back now," she said, "I realise how very keen I must have been. To get to my work each day I had to ride 4 miles by bicycle, 10 miles by bus, cross in a ferry, then face a long walk on the other side. I never returned till after eight at night."

### Jobless in London

She was born, however, with "the divine discontent." Her eyes were already turned toward London — and larger fields. She wrote to all the big photographic firms in London asking for a job. For a long time she was unsuccessful, then one night she got home to find a letter awaiting her, with the news that she had secured a position with a well-known London photographer. Refusing to listen to the protests of her family, she set out immediately to seek her fortune. She was not yet twenty-one.

"The salary," she said, "was £2 a week, just sufficient to keep me. I had no other means. But a rude disillusionment awaited me. After a short period I was dismissed. It appears I had only been engaged for the Christmas rush—but they had neglected to tell me that. For six weeks I wandered round London looking for a job. I had no money at all. It is a little hazy to me now how I came through. I existed chiefly on air. Then fortune suddenly smiled on me. By a stroke of luck, I secured a position in the photographic department of a famous jewellery firm."

### A Fortune on Film

There are three brothers in this firm, one in charge of the New York branch, one in Paris, and the third in London. Her job dealt chiefly with commercial photography, and her most intriguing

### Marriage By Instalment

An ancient custom still survives amongst the highland clans of Albania. When a girl takes a young man's fancy, he approaches her parents and settles on a price. Money, livestock, produce, or even weapons. If he cannot pay the whole price at once, he adopts the instalment plan. The marriage takes place only when the final sum is paid, though the girl is taken out of circulation after the prospective bridegroom has paid his first instalment

task was photographing and putting on record all the famous jewels that passed through this celebrated house.

"It was fascinating work," she said, "almost unreal in its opulence. All the richest people of the world passed through its doors. I remember on one occasion I was in the showroom, when a beautifully dressed woman entered. I was told she was London's most celebrated courtesan; a woman of unusual charm and intelligence. Yes, she was beautiful too. . . . She asked to see some necklets, and selected a magnificent choker of emeralds. She calmly produced a cheque book and wrote out a cheque for £140,000! I was staggered at the time. I tried to arrive at a mathematical deduction of how many families that sum would keep for life."

After three years there this little photographer began to grow restless. She had a horror of staying in a rut. She felt it her destiny to get out and move on—where, she did not know.

Fate decided. A friend who had visited New Zealand pointed out to her the possibilities in this young land. Almost with the thought she was on her way.

### The Purser Proved a Friend

"Most of the passengers," she said, "were New Zealanders returning home, and they all warned me that I would find conditions extremely difficult, as New Zealand was then passing through the depression. But when you are young nothing seems impossible. Their warnings could not damp my enthusiasm. Among many friends I made coming out was the ship's purser—and he was to prove a friend indeed.

"As I was passing down the gangway—actually before I had set a foot on New Zealand soil, a man approached me and said: 'I believe you're wanting a job. Well, there's one waiting for you.' I was mystified, till I learnt the truth. He was a photographer from one of the Wellington dailies, and while he was searching the ship for celebrities, the purser had mentioned casually that there

was a woman photographer on board looking for a job. As luck would have it, a vacancy in the photography department of his newspaper had just occurred. So my youthful optimism was justified. I was hardly surprised. It just seemed to me a normal working out of things."

She stayed with the newspaper for three years, then branched out in her own photographic business. At first it was hard going to get established, but she overcame her difficulties.

"You can hardly call me a successful woman," she said, "for I've never made much money—and I don't think I ever will. It is so difficult to combine commerce with art. For instance, if I am photographing a particularly interesting study, I might wish to take forty plates, but I am forced to consider the practical side. Unfortunately when you are earning your living, it is difficult to accomplish all you would want to do."

### Youngest of the Arts

Her studio is simple and attractive, with its plain white walls, its scarlet leather stools, overhead arcs and side lamps. In one corner a large grey cat slept in a basket. A year ago he came to New Zealand from Jamaica on a sailing ship. His name is Dopey.

"A photographer and his camera," she said, "are like a musician and his piano. It is his medium of expression. To make interesting studies, you must know, or at least feel, the personality of your subject. Otherwise, it is just a face. Men, I think, are easier to photograph than women, and with children, of course, it is so easy to establish a friendly communication.

"Photography," she added, "is the youngest of the arts, and particularly in the past ten years, has seen some radical changes—new aspects are always being discovered. It is exciting to be a part of it. One is always learning—and moving forward."

### Angel Face

Ursula Bloom, the well-known novelist, in her latest book, "The Log of No Lady," describes herself thus:

I have the type of face that is just silly. I look like a doll. I was born an angel child with a Satanic mind. People who do not know me hesitate to say 'Damn' before me. I look too good for 'Damn.'"

### PAINTING COMPETITION

Excellent prizes for boys and girls who like to enter for a painting competition advertised in this issue are offered by Chas. Begg and Co. Ltd., Boys can win a Mo-Bo racer valued at £5 15, and girls a doll's pram valued at £5 10. The competition is free, and open to any boy or girl aged 10 years or under.

Conditions are set out on Page 15. Results will be announced exclusively in *The Listener*.